But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuiter elſe,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kindred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growen ſo bad,
That wrens make pray where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come come, we know your meaning brother Gl.
You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue needе of you.
Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue needе of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Ryu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may Lo: Ryuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.

Ryu.

Ry. What mary may ſhe.
Glo. What mary may ſhe, marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lo: of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty
With thoſe groſe taunts I often haue endured:
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu. Margaret.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Qu. Mar. And leſned be that ſmal, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What: threat you me with telling of the King;
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I haue ſaid,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxbery.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King.
I was a packhorſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Ryuers, ſo were you, was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albones ſlaine:
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Ma. Which God reuenge.

Clo.